

Good Dreams Interrupted

These days I wear my father's weary eyes

Rimmed black in the early morning sun -
and sleepless.

I created a city in the tangles of my bedsheets
my fingertips traced the highways
and my hair flooded the alleyways.

My city knocked down the walls separating
reality and dreams,
which mostly come lucid
but are always interrupted
when the light creeps through my blinds
and rubs my father's weary eyes.

-Theresa O'Hare